







Men had to put the torch to every house he visited. And only the superstitious had a name for him.. They called him.. THERE HAVE BEEN MANY TALES TOLD OF THE DEAD WHO WALK . WHICH FILL ONE WITH CHILLING FEAR. HERE IS AN INCIDENT ABOUT THE FLYING DEAD. A TERRIFYING TRUTH THAT STAGGERS THE IMAGINATION! Produced by SIMON & KIRBY











IT WAS A SMALL FRENCH TOWN. AN ANCIENT TOWN... EVEN THE VERY EARTH ON WHICH IT STOOD PERIODICALLY YIELDED THE EVIDENCE THAT MAN HAD LIVED THERE BEFORE THE DAWN OF HISTORY... BUT MUCH OLDER WAS FEAR AND SUPERSTITION... AND A DANGER TO THE WORK OF DOCTOR LESCOUX... BECAUSE IT WAS STILL, VERY MUCH ALIVE!











THE BOY WASN'T LYING! PHILLIPE DULLOT WAS A MAN IN THE THROES OF INDESCRIBABLE PAIN! IT TOOK FOUR PEOPLE TO KEEP HIM FROM FLINGING HIMSELF FROM THE BED ... DOCTOR LESCOUX STRUGGLED WITH HIM TO INJECT A PAIN KILLING DRUG!



WHEN THE DRUG TOOK EFFECT, PHILLIPE'S
FEVERED BRAIN WAS INSULATED FROM THE
FIRES IN HIS BODY / DOCTOR LESCOUX EXAMINED HIM AND FOUND THE MARK OF THE
UNKNOWN ENEMY UPON PHILLIPE ...







THE CRY OF TERROR PENETRATED THE WALLS OF THE HOUSE ... AND IGNITED THE CHARGED ATMOSPHERE! DOCTOR LESCOUX WAS NOT THE FIRST TO REACH THE DOOR! BUT HE WAS AMONG THOSE WHO SAW: THE MAN FLEEING FROM THE PURSUING SHADOW!

SAVE ME!

SAVE ME!

















THERE WAS NO NAME FOR THE GIANT INSECT WHICH SURVIVED A MILLION YEAR SLEEP!
THERE WAS NO NAME FOR THE STRANGE PLAGUE IT WAS SPREADING AMONG THE PEOPLE IN THE TOWN! BUT DOCTOR LESCOUX ASSUMED ONE FACT HE HAD TO GAMBLE ON!



THIS VERY MOMENT IT MAY BE RESTING SOME-WHERE ... GATHERING STRENGTH TO RESUME ITS FLIGHT! WE MUST WILL IT BEFORE IT FLIES AGAIN! IT IS OUR ONE HOPE TO PREVENT A TERRIBLE EPIDEMIC!

THUS BEGAN THE STRANGEST OF HUNTS!
EVERYONE WHO COULD CARRY A RIFLE OR AN
AXE WAS OFF TO COMB THE COUNTRYSIDE
IN SEARCH OF THE FANTASTIC KILLER!



DOCTOR LESCOUX, BESET BY FATIGUE FROM HIS CONSTANT LABORS AT THE BEDSIDES OF HIS PATIENTS -- WAS IN HIS HOME -- RECEIVING REPORTS ON THE PROGRESS OF THE SEARCH!



IF THAT HORRIBLE THING CAN SURVIVE ITS NEW SURROUNDINGS, THERE'S NO TELLING HOW FAR IT WILL SPREAD IT'S CARGO OF DEATH! IT'S GOT TO BE FOUND AND DESTROYED BEFORE THAT HAPPENS!





IT WAS THE THIRD DAY OF FRUITLESS SEARCH AND DESPAIR! WHILE GRIM, TIRED MEN STALKED THE WOODS, THOSE IN TOWN FOUGHT A LOSING BATTLE TO CHECK THE SICKNESS...



AND STRANGELY ENOUGH, "LOUD MARIUS,"
HIMSELF EXCHANGED NO GREETINGS, THAT
SHOULD HAVE AROUSED WONDER! FOR A
SILENT MARIUS WAS A PHENOMENON INDEED!
WAS HE STRICKEN WITH THE PLAGUE! NOBODY
STOPPED TO ASK! AND MARIUS WALKED ON!



MARIUS! YOU HAVE
DESTROYED THE
AWGEL OF DEATH!
WE ARE FREE OF
THIS SHADOW!
THE TERROR
IS OVER!

WE OWE YOU OUR
LIVES, MARIUS! THE
DEEPEST OF
GRATITUDE!

"LOUD MARIUS" ATTRACTED NO ATTENTION IN THAT DARK HOUR! PEOPLE KNEW HIM AS THE HAND CURLED AROUND THE WINE BOTTLE IN THE WARM LIGHT OF THE TAVERN, THE JOLLY VOICE THAT ROSE FROM THE CIRCLE OF HEADS AT THE CORNER TABLE... A TELLER OF TALL STORIES WHO FOUND NO AUDIENCE WHEN HE WALKED DAZEDLY INTO TOWN THAT DAY...

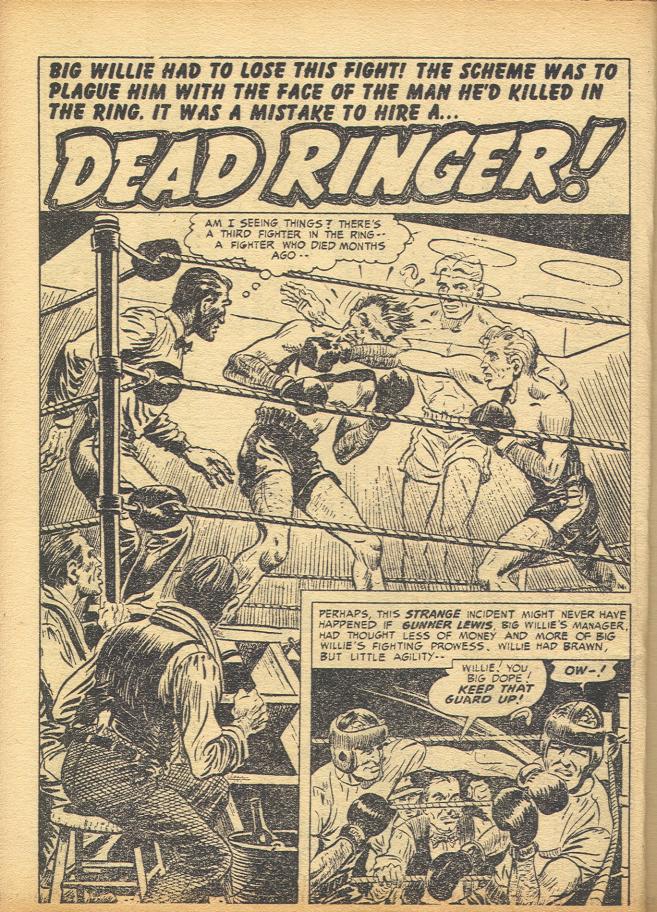


MARIUS WENT STRAIGHT TO THE MAYOR'S HOUSE ... WHEN THE DOOR WAS OPENED TO HIM, MARIUS ENTERED! STUPIDLY, HE LINGERED IN THE VESTIBULE WHILE THE MAYOR WAS SUMMONED... ONLY WHEN THE OLD MAN AND DOCTOR LESCOUX MADE THEIR APPEARANCE DID MARIUS PUT DOWN THE SACK HE CARRIED...



POOR MARIUS! HE COULD SAY NOTHING! IN THE SADNESS OF HIS GAZE WAS THE TRAGEDY OF HIS SHATTERED CAREER AS THE TOWN LIAR! FOR NO LIE HE COULD DEVISE WOULD EVER MATCH THE ASTOUNDING TRUTH WHICH SPRAWLED AT HIS FEET!

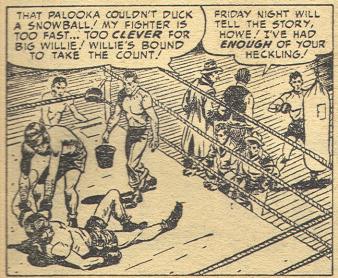




WILLIE COULD TAKE INHUMAN PUNISHMENT, AND HE COULD HIT LIKE A MULE! IN FACT, HE WAS A GOOD CLUB FIGHTER! BUT GUNNER WANTED A CHAMP... AND A CHAMP HAD TO KNOW HOW TO BOX!















WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT BIG WILLIE'S RIGHT DID TO SWEDE JENSON IN DETROIT! IT KILLED HIM! YOU KNOW HOW BIG WILLIE'S FELT ABOUT IT EVER SINCE! NOW, I KNOW A GUY WHO'S A DEAD RINGER FOR THE SWEDE... IF HE CAN GET TO BIG WILLIE BEFORE THE FIGHT...



IT'S ONLY A SCARE, MUNER! YOUR CUT WOULD BE FIVE GRAND ... MUCH MORE THAN YOU'D MAKE ON THE YOU MEAN TO RATTLE WILLIE'S NERVES WITH A PHONY GHOST? NOW, WAIT A SECOND... I'M NOT SUPERSTITIOUS BUT ... FIGHT!

FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS WOULD MAKE ANY MAN STOP AND THINK ! IT EVEN CAUSED GUNNER LEWIS TO AGREE TO THE FRAME-UP!





THROWING A FIGHT WAS NOTHING NEW TO GUNNER LEWIS! HE'D DONE IT BEFORE ... WITHOUT BLINKING AN EYE! AND YET, THAT FRIDAY NIGHT, HE WAS VERY NERVOUS GUY, AS HE WAITED OUTSIDE WILLIE'S DRESSING ROOM FOR THE "GHOST" TO ENTE TO ENTER!



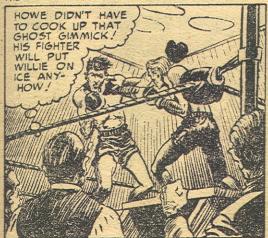




GUNNER THOUGHT WILLIE LOOKED LITTLE NERVOUS AS THE BELL SOUNDED, OPENING THE FIRST JUST AS THOUGH HE'P SEEN A GHOST, GUNNER THOUGHT! HE SMILED WRYLY AS BIG STARTED TOWARD HIS OPPONENT!



HOWE'S BOY WAS A CLEVER CUSTOMER! A REAL CUTIE! HE RAN RINGS AROUND BIG WILLIE ... NEVER ALLOWING WILLIE TO USE HIS DANGEROUS RIGHT HAND EFFECTIVELY!



THEN IT CAME! THE FATAL OPENING! BIG WILLIE REACTED LIKE A BATTERING RAM INSTEAD OF A HAUNTED WRECK! HIS TERRIBLE RIGHT SHOT OUT AND EXPLODED ON AN UNPROTECTED CHIN!

















GUNNER LEWIS DIDN'T TRY TO TALK HIS WAY OUT OF ACCOMPANY-ING HOWE, FOR IT WOULD HAVE LOOKED AS THOUGH SOME PART IN THE DOUBLE CROSS! HIS SKIN CRAWLED AT THE THOUGHT!











WHO



AND WEILS!

EDDIE, THE ARSONIST WAS FRIGHTENED OF THOSE STRANGE PEOPLE. HE HAD GOOD CAUSE TO BE. THEY WERE HIS ACCUSERS...HIS JUDGES...AND HIS EXECUTIONERS!



EDDIE KEATING WAS A BUM AND HE WAS KNOW IT, THOUGH, FOR WHOEVER HEARD OF A BUM FALLING IN LOVE 3 YET, THAT'S

WHAT

MADE

IT-ALL

TOUGHER ...

THE



INTO THE BELMONT THEATER IN THE FIRST PLACE! BUT IT WAS OUTSIDE, AND RAINING AND NOBODY EVER USED THE PLACE HE HAD NO WAY OF KNOWING HE WAS GOING TO

MEET

KARL

HE SHOULD NEVER

HAVE GONE

















TO WAS EASY, EDDIE THOUGHT... FIVE GRAND
FOR STRIKING A MATCH! HE'D DONE WORSE
THINGS FOR A LOT LESS! IN THE MEANTIME, HE
MIGHT AS WELL MAKE HIMSELF FAMILIAR WITH THE
PLACE!





HEY, WHADDAYA
CALL THIS, ANYWAY F GET OUTA
THERE ... AND FAST!

TOLD US ABOUT...

TOLD US ABOUT...















EDDIE KEATING LAY AWAKE A LONG TIME THAT NIGHT, THINKING ... THINKING THINGS HE HADN'T THOUGHT IN A LONG TIME ...









AFTER A RESTLESS NIGHT, THE NERVES ARE NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SHOULD BE, BUT EDDIE HAD TO SEE TWO AGAIN! HE HAD TO SEE THEM ... IN THE

FLESH!

POPPA SAYS IF I PRACTICE REAL HARD, SOME DAY I'LL BE A FINE ACTRESS... AND I BELIEVE HIM! ONE DAY I'LL BE A STAR AND POPPA WILL BE PROUD OF ME!

SHE'S MAKING PLANS FOR THE FUTURE! IF SHE ONLY KNEW HOW SHORT THAT FUTURE WAS GONNA BE!



EDDIE LOOKED AT THEM...LONG AND HARD! HE COULDN'T TAKE HIS EYES FROM THEM! BUT IT WASN'T A FRESH YOUNG GIRL AND A CHEERFUL OLD MAN THAT HE SAW! RATHER IT WAS...





HAD EVER EDDIE LIKE THIS HE LIKED HE HAD IRON NERVES! BUT AS HE WALKED TO THE CORNER NEWSSTAND COULD DO WAS WISH THE WHOLE THING WAS OVER! THEN HE GOT THE NEWS HE WAS WAITING FOR /



BACK IN THE THEATER, EDDIE ATHERED OGETHER THE RAGS CAREFULLY LAID ASIDE OUT A CAN OF GASOLINE HE HAD BOUGHT THE NIGHT BEFORE AND SPREAD IT AROUND THE DRY WOOD FLOOR BUT HIS HAND SHOOK AS HE STRUCK THE MATCH ON THE BOX!







CALL IT SHOCK - CALL IT FRIGHT - WHATEVER IT WAS THAT DULLED EDDIE KEATING'S THINKING POWERS CAUSED HIM TO RUN HEADLONG INTO THE FLAMING INFERNO IGNITED BY HIS OWN MATCH ...







THE FLIGHT THAT FAILED



MRS. RICHARDS was awakened by Billy's long. terror stricken scream. Fearing his fever was worse, her heart pounded as she made her way through the midnight blackness of the rooms to Billy's bedside, where he sat crying wildly. The four-year old muttered his father's name over and over, "Daddy's dead, Dad-

dy's dead." He chanted, his eyes half closed.

Mrs. Richards tried to comfort the boy as she picked him up and hurried to phone the doctor. It was fever, he was worse, she told the doctor, but in her heart she knew the boy's words were true. "Daddy's airplane crashed into the sea, Mummy." Billy said. Her heart nearly stopped. After all, hadn't he been right those other times?

It was when Billy was a year and a half old that the first 'coincidence' had happened. Peter Richards, an importer, had been expecting an important shipment to arrive in California. He wanted to inspect it personally and had decided to take his wife and son with him; combine business with a pleasant vacation, Mrs. Richards had never been to California and looked forward to the trip.

But the night before they were to leave. Billy came down with croup, and Florence Richards was forced to stay at home, in New York, with him. Peter, under the urgent stress of business, boarded the train, as scheduled, after a feeble attempt by Billy, begging him not to go. The baby was too young to express himself fully; what he said hardly made sense, "No, Daddy, don't go, Daddy, stop, Daddy." That is, it didn't make sense until the next morning.

It was about ten o'clock the next morning when little Billy came toddling out of his room, screaming as if he were in great pain, his eyes clouded and unseeing. Florence had allowed him to get out of bed, for his cough was much better, and she had left him playing happily with his electric train. "Train wreck, train wreck," his harsh, crying voice told her.

She carried him back into his room, noticing that his train was derailed, the cars on their sides on the floor in a crazy pattern.

Half laughing at the boy's undue concern, she said. "We'll just put it back on the track and it will go right on. Billy." But as she kneeled to right the cars, Billy's words stopped her short, "Daddy's train. Daddy's hurt."

Florence worried some, but didn't take it too seriously until she heard on the radio later that . the flyer Peter had taken to California had hit a

bad rail and had been detailed on a curve-at exactly the same time Billy's train had 'wrecked'.

In a few days, Florence and Billy flew out to the little town where Peter was in the hospital. His injuries were severe, but he would be all right in time. Florence couldn't help but tell him what had happened with the toy train, but Peter said it was only a coincidence.

The coincident became an incident in their minds as time passed. Then, a year later, the Richards family was driving on a mountain road in Canada. Their car, a new one, was in perfect condition, and the family, happy over Peter's re-

covery, were singing lustily.

They came to a rather steep down hill grade. but the road was good and Peter didn't cut his speed noticeably. Suddenly Billy stopped singing, his face turned a ghostly white and he began to cry. He muttered that he was sick and begged his father to stop. Peter slowed down. noticed a narrow bridge, and asked his son if he couldn't wait until they crossed the bridge, where they'd be on level ground.

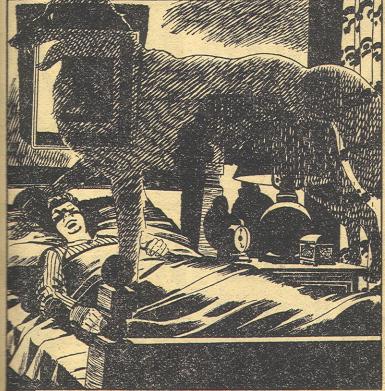
But Billy only screamed louder. "No, Daddy. Stop! Don't cross the bridge!" Whether Florence remembered the train incident, or whether she was really afraid Billy was sick, she doesn't remember. But she induced Peter to stop quickly. They pulled over to the side of the road just in time to witness another car, speeding along behind them, run on to the narrow bridge. As the car reached the middle, a loud, cracking noise snapped their attention and the whole bridge floor opened up. The car was stopped momentarily as it fell into the crevice in the boards and remained for a matter of seconds until the bridge collapsed. Car, bridge and people fell some three hundred feet to a waterless bottom. It was the screams of the three people inside the car that echoed in the Richards' ears for some time to come.

And now this most violent disclosure, made only more nightmarish by the doctor's arrival and diagnosis that Billy had no fever and was well in all respects. When the telephone rang, Florence knew what the message would be. Numbed, mechanically, she picked it up. Yes, Peter Richards had been on flight 23, bound for Paris. The motor had failed in mid-ocean-but wait-a transatlantic cable-from Peter-'Picked up by commercial steamer-alive and well-love-Peter." Florence didn't even hear the voice on the other end of the line say, "He was the only survivor," for she had fainted.

Was it because Billy hadn't predicted the trage edy that his father had been spared? Florence Richards doesn't know, but she and Peter both listen carefully now every time Billy speaks.

ONCE YOU OWNED A DOG. HE'S GONE NOW, TO WHATEVER HEAVEN IT IS THAT DOGS GO ... YET SOMETIMES YOU THINK YOU'VE SEEN HIM! WATCHING YOU, LOVING YOU, EVEN AFTER DEATH! WELL-PERHAPS YOU HAVE ...

SIADES 4 SERVE



"MY NAME IS WALTER WRIGHT. WHAT I WRITE HERE HAD ACTUALLY HAPPENED ON THE NIGHT OF JULY 1,1951... OTHER THAN STATING THAT FACT I CAN OFFER NO PROOF, I'M AN ARCHEOLOGIST. I DEAL IN FACTS. I KNOW IT HAPPENED. YET, WHEN IT BEGAN, IN FRANK CANNON'S STUDY, I TOO WAS A DOUBTER...

SO YOU STILL
DON'T BELIEVE
ME,EH? WALTER
WRIGHT, THE MAN
OF SCIENCE WHO
BELIEVES ONLY
WHAT HE CAN
SEE AND TOUCH!

THAT'S PUTTING
IT BLUNTLY,
FRANK, BUT
YOU SAID
YOURSELF...
REX HAD BEEN
DEAD FOR A
YEAR! AFTER
ALL ... THE GHOST
OF A DOG!



YOU AUTHORS AND YOUR IMAGINATIONS! REX MAY HAVE BEEN A REMARKABLE ANIMAL - BUT IM AFRAID I HE IN GHOSTS, ANIMAL OR WAS HUMAN! HE L

REX WAS
ALMOST
BEEN HUMAN, WALT!
E INSEPARABLE!
HE FOLLOWED
ME EVERYWHERE
AND WHEN I
WAS WORKING,
HE USED TO LIE
RIGHT THERE ON



JUST AS HE'S LYING THERE NOW! I CAN FEEL HIS PRESENCE!



"I HAD BEEN AWAY. IT HAD BEEN YEARS SINCE I LAST SAW CANNON! BUT, WE WERE GOOD FRIENDS! THAT WAS THE ONLY REASON I DIDN'T LAUGH!

REALLY, FRANK/IF I
DIDN'T KNOW YOU SO
WELL I'D SAY LIVING
ALONE OUT HERE ON
THE BDGE OF TOWN
HAS GIVEN YOU
REX

HALLUCINATION.

I'M NOT ALONE! I HAVEN'T BEEN ALONE SINCE THAT DAY FIVE YEARS AGO WHEN I BROUGHT REX HERE AS A PUP!







HOWEVER, I WILL ADMIT THAT THE SUBJECT
ITSELF WAS BEGINNING TO GIVE ME A MILD
CASE OF THE CRAWLS!

A VERY LINSUBSTANTIAL
WATCHDOG, INDEED...
WHEN I CAN STAND
EXACTLY ON THE
SPOT REX IS
SUPPOSED TO
BE OCCUPYING!
HAVE ANY
EXPLANATIONS!

CANNON DROPPED THE GHOST BUSINESS! WE TURNED IN!
BUT, I WAS NOT TO SLEEP FOR LONG! IT WAS ABOUT
THREE A.M. WHEN I WAS AWAKENED WITH A START!

FRANK!
WHAT IS IT!

I HEARD IT, TOO!
SOMEONE'S IN THE
HOUSE! WE'D BETTER
HAVE A LOOK!

JUST AS WE REACHED THE LOWER FLOOR, THE SILENCE WAS SHATTERED BY WHAT SOUNDED LIKE A BRAWL AT SOME WATER FRONT DIVE!



WE SAW THEM AS THEY HURTLED THROUGH THE OPEN FRENCH DOORS! THE DARK SILHOUETTES OF TWO MEN AND THE SNARLING BULK OF A HUGE DOG!















IT WAS A PHOTOGRAPH FRANK SHOWED ME. A PHOTOGRAPH OF A DOG WHICH HAD BEEN DEAD FOR MORE THAN A YEAR!



HE GOT THAT SCAR IN
49:- WHEN HE PULLED
ME OUT OF THE PATH
OF A SPEEDING CAR.
THE CAR'S BUMPER
CAUGHT HIM. LOOK AT
REY CLOSELY.





THERE WAS NO MISTAKING IT. THE DOG IN THAT PHOTOGRAPH WAS UN-MISTAKABLY THE DOG DESCRIBED BY THE BURGLARS. CAN THE DEAD ATMON THE LIVING ! I DON'T KNOW. PERHAPS THIS MAY BE ONE ANSWER!

Everyone of us lives in two worlds!

ONE OF THEM WE ACCEPT AS REALITY ...
IN THE OTHER, WE WANDER AS BAFFLED
STRANGERS, WITNESSING SCENES WE
CANNOT UNDERSTAND!

The world of your dreams is a strange and fantastic place where the unpredictable is the normal..

WHERE THE FAMILIAR BECOMES THE GROTESQUE! WHERE HATE BURNS LIKE THE FIRE OF HADES AND LOVE IS AN EMOTION THAT SWEEPS THROUGH THE ENTIRE SOUL! IT'S A BIZARRE, OUTLANDISH WORLD WHICH WE SHARE WITH THE NIGHT!

HERE FOR THE FIRST TIME

CAPTURED ON PAPER, DRAMATIZED AND ILLUSTRATED, ARE THE STRANGE SCENES OF OUR JOURNEYS INTO SLEEP WHICH AFFECT EVEN OUR WAKING HOURS!

NOW you can see them in the light of day and know their rightful place in your everyday life!

READ THIS FASCINATING AND ABSORBING

NEW COMIC MAGAZINE



LAST DATE



DARLENE CHESTER, fiancee of Nick Royal, insisted upon meeting him
at the Raymoor Cafeteria
for their date. They always went to the Raymoor
after a movie for cake and
coffee; it had a sentimental spot in their hearts.
They were in love and as
soon as Nick got his degree, they were going to
be married. That is, Nick

hoped they were. He hadn't seen Darlene for two months. And he was plenty worried over the

meeting tonight.

The last time he and Darlene had been together was the night they had gone to the Carnival. Both of them had been perfectly normal, happy people that night. A little embarrassed, shy and aggling, they'd talked each other into going into the Palmist's tent for a reading. "I want to see if there are any other blondes in your life," Darlene had said. Nick had laughed in his wholesme way and replied: "Don't you believe a ming she says, especially about blondes!"

He remembered waiting outside for her, thinking how lucky he was to have a girl like Darlene. Always smiling, always full of fun, ready to put with a serious guy like himself for the rest of life. She wasn't gone too long. When she ame out she wasn't smiling, the color was rained from her face, leaving it transparent, and fingers trembled as she took his hand, not looking at him. "Take me home, Nick. Take me home quickly!" Her voice sounded foreign, and lick could say nothing. He had experienced a shock, just looking at her.

"What's wrong, Honey?" He started to say that she looked like a ghost, but somehow, he couldn't finish the sentence. "Hey, come on, now. Don't take those palm readers seriously. They're fakes—all of them!" His words were despente, and he knew she wasn't listening. Nor could she tell him anything that had gone on in-

aide the gaudy little tent.

He had telephoned four or five times each day mee, pleading with her to see him, to tell him had happened. He had gone to her rooming buse but she refused to see him. Each day her cice got thinner, until it became an inaudible, collow rasp. Now, after two months—two months the day—she had accepted a date with him. He may not meet her in front of the Raymoor Cafete—

Nick was too overjoyed at first to think about withing except that he would see Darlene again.

Let us he boarded the bus to keep their render

vous, he was filled with alarm. He mustn't expect too much. Her voice had been so weak. "Poor kid," he thought, "she's been sick, wanted to spare me; probably looks like a corpse when she doesn't feel well. Well, it's over now-whatever it was that's kept us apart." Whatever it was had started that night in the Palmist's booth at the carnival.

He saw her, even before he got off the bus, and he was surprised, for he had been prepared for the worst. She stood tall and beautiful as ever, the same smiling lips and sparkling eyes full of love. She reached up to kiss him, and his heart skipped a best. Her lips were like ice. "Hello, Darling," she whispered.

she put her arm cheerfully through his, and they proceeded to the movie as if it were any other date. In the theater she removed her gloves and put her hand in his. He involuntarily shrank from it, for her hand was cold, like her lips. He made some excuse and folded his hands across his chest.

He was relieved when the picture was over, and they were out in the crisp night air. He wanted to hear her talk. In fact, he was ready now to demand an explanation. She smiled and put her finger to her lips, her voice quite normal. "I've something to show you," she said, "let's take a taxi."

Darlene gave the taxi driver the number and street address of her rooming house. Nick paid the man and they went up the walk, into the reception lobby, and up the stairs to her room. She opened the door and said, "Go on in, Darling. And, Darling-don't forget, don't ever forget how much I love you!"

Nick was not conscious of her words, for as he stood in the doorway, his eyes piercing the unaccustomed pallor of the room, he thought he saw Darlene lying on the bed. A Darlene to match the raspy voice of the last two months, a shrunken, withered, skeleton of a girl with no color, no voice, no motion.

When he was finally able to turn from the room, to ask Darlene what it meant, what kind of joke it was, she was gone. He ran out into the hallway, but she had vanished. And he was on the outside of her door, banging furiously, like a detanged man.

Minutes later the landlady and a detective arrived, not because of the commotion, but because the landlady had not seen Darlene all week. There was no evidence of unnatural death, and Nick was of no help at all, because he kept insisting that he had had a date with her that very night, even after the coroner reported that she had been dead for three days.

We all know there is such a place. Don't we carry the dream in our hearts? Suppose its gates were thrown open to YOU! What would you give for a passport to

The Promised Lands



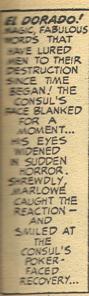
"THE DISAPPEARANCE OF AVIATOR REDFERN OVER THE STEAMING SOUTH AMERICAN JUNGLES WAS BIG NEWS DURING THE ROARING TWENTIES! IT FIRED THE IMAGINATION OF MANY SUCH ADVENTURERS AS CECIL MARLOWE, SOLDIER OF FORTUNE! EAGERLY, HE PRESSED THE CONSUL AT BRITISH GUIANA FOR DETAILS...

CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY A YOUNG BLOOD LIKE YOU, MARLOWE, IS SO **ANXIOUS** TO TOSS AWAY YOUR LIFE! SEARCHING FOR THAT CHAP, REDFERN, IS **JUST**



THE UNEXPLORED AREAS INSISTING UPON OF THE AMAZON ARE MEETING SUCH A THE WORST CHALLENGE, MISTER IMAGINABLE! ONLY CONSUL? I'LL RISK A FOOL WOULD ANY DANGER, SIR!—YOU SEE, MY DEATH BY INSISTING OBJECTIVE IS MORE THAN SAVING A MAN'S LIFE! HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF EL DORADO!

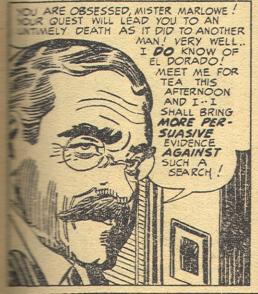




YOU **DO** KNOW SOMETHING, MR. CONSUL! THEN I'M ON THE RIGHT TRACK! I'VE FINALLY FOUND A MAN WHO CAN GIVE ME A CLUE







ENGLISH WAS STUFFY WITH STAGNANT TROPICAL AFTERNOON MARLOWE IGNORED THE 015-COMFORT, AS HE EXCITEDLY PERUSED A SLIM, YELLOWED MANUSCRIPT.



THE PORTER WAS THOUSANDS T

THE FIRST ENTRY IS
MARCH 3RD... TWO
YEARS AGO! IT SAYS
"TODAY MAY WELL
BE THE MOST
MOMENTOUS DAY
OF MY LIFE!"



MARLOWE CONTINUED ANDREW PORTER'S DOCUMENT -"AS IT IS MY CUSTOM" PORTER WROTE, "I SPENT MANY HOURS AT THE LIBRARY -- PORING OVER OLD BOOKS, DOCUMENTS, MAPS... DREAMING OF A LOST WORLD MORE REAL TO ME THAN MY OWN."

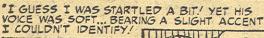
TAM NOT ALONE WITH MY IDLE DEPART











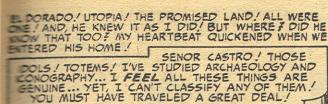


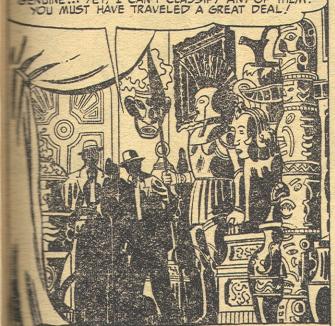












AS YOU YANKEES SAY... I'VE "BEEN AROUND!" THESE SOUVENIRS ARE INDEED AUTHENTIC! THE RELICS OF SO CALLED "LOST RACES"... BUT, I AM CERTAIN THAT THIS WILL INTEREST YOU MOST OF ALL!





WAS ANCIENT
WHEN NOAH
PREPARED FOR THE
FLOOD... THESE MAPS,
PRINTED BY CIVILIZED



THE ROAD TO THE PROMISED LAND IS OURS TO TRAVEL, ANDREW PORTER! LIKE MYSELF, YOUR LIFE'S PURPOSE REVOLVES ABOUT THIS QUEST! THIS IS WHY I SOUGHT YOU OUT... TO GO WITH ME!

SENOR CASTRO... I'M
FLABBERGASTED...
DUMBFOUNDED... AND
ACHING TO GET
STARTED!

"AND, NOW, ON THIS DAY OF MARCH 4, 1926, MY FABULOUS TREK HAS BEGUN! TODAY, MY STRANGE BENEFACTOR AND I STOOD WATCHING THE SMOULDERING JUNGLE COAST LOOM LARGE ON THE HORIZON...



"IT IS THE MIDDLE OF APRIL, NOW ... AND THE MYSTERY OF MY TRAVELING COMPANION GROWS DAILY WHO
IS HE! HE SEEMS TO HAVE AN INSTINCT FOR
DIRECTION! I HAVE NEVER SEEN HIM CON-



ARE YOU TIRED, MY FRIEND! AN AMAZING MAN, YOU WILL BE PLEASED KNOW THAT THERE IS A SENOR CASTRO! HE'S STILL AS FRESH AS A DAISY AFTER CLEARING AT THE NEXT BEND OF THE PADDLING FOR HOURS IN THIS STEAMING RIVER! HOTBOX! HE NEVER THERE WE WILL MAKE MID TI CAMP SLEEPS! 1 FOR THE NIGHT! 41)

WE FOUND THE CLEARING ... AS SENOR CASTRO PRE-DICTED! BUT AFTER BREAKING CAMP IN THE MORN-ING, HE SEEMED RELUCTANT TO SHOVE OFF! HE JUST KEPT LOOKING UP THE RIVER!

ALL SET, SENOR CASTRO! OUR SUPPLIES ARE LASHED AND... A MOMENT, ANDREW I THINK I HEAR THEM COMING!

THEM ! THEN I SAW ... WITH A WHOOP OF GREET THEN I SAW WHO OF GREET INGS, THEIR PADDLES FLASHING IN THE SUNLIGHT, TWO NATIVE INDIANS DRIFTED INTO VIEW ... AND QUICKLY DISEMBARKED! I WAS FRIGHTENED! YET, THE SENOR EAGERLY MET THEM!

I DON'T SAVVY THEIR LINGO! BUT CASTRO DOES! AS HE ONCE SAID ... HE'S "BEEN AROUND THEY REALLY SEEM IMPRESSED BY HIM!





THE INDIANS WERE AWED BY CASTRO ... AS I HAD BEEN... AS ANY MAN WOULD BE! THEY TREATED HIM LIKE A VISITING PRINCE NO ... MORE LIKE A GOD! I WAS TOO UNEASY TO GIVE MY OBSER

VATIONS FURTHER





*AGAIN THE MAGIC WORDS! FEVERISHLY WE HACKED THE CHOKING FOLIAGE AND MADE OUR WAY SLOWLY UP ANCIENT CONCRETE STAIRS! SUDDENLY, I SAW SOMETHING MOVE IN THE UNDERBRUSH!













ALL MEN ONCE LIVED IN THE GOLDEN CITY! THERE WERE SOME WHO WERE CAST OUT! THEIR CHILDREN NOW PEOPLE THE EARTH, LIVING AND SUFFERING AND LONGING TO RETURN TO THE PROMISED LAND! I HAVE REALIZED THE DREAM! I AM CONTENT TO WATCH THE DESCENT OF THE SUN... AND ANIZUUR'S BLADE!



CECIL MARLOWE LINGERED OVER THE LAST ENTRY, FAS, NATED BY THE REVELATION (ANDREW PORTER ! EXCITEDLY, HE TURNED TO THE CONSUL.

AN AMAZING DIARY/SIMPLY
AMAZING! PROBABLY A
MIXTURE OF FACT, FICTION
AND JUNGLE FEVER! I'M
GOING TO TRY THE
JOURNEY MYSELF!
I'VE GOT TO!

I THOUGHT THIS JOURNAL WOULD CONVINCE YOU THAT SUCH AN ABSURD UNDERTAKING CAN ONLY LEAD TO DEATH, THE NATIVES WHO FOUND THIS VOLUME... ALSO FOUND THE BODY OF PORTER... STRIPPED CLEAN BY VULTURES!



MARLOWE DIDN'T SEE THE CONSUL STORM OUT IN DISGUST! HE WAS THINKING ABOUT PORTER WHO FOUND THE GOLDEN CITY! HOW ME WOULD FIND IT TOO... AND LIVE TO TELL ABOUT IT!



THANK YOU SIR! I UNDER-STAND YOU ARE INTERESTED IN FINDING THE LOST CITY OF EL DORADO! I MAY B OF SOME SERVICE!



CECIL MARLOWE WAS LATE SEEN LEAVING ENGLISH HOUSE IN THE COMPANY OF A STRANGER! HE VANISHED SOON AFTER AND WAS OFFICIALLY REPORTED DEAD ON MAY II, 1928! MAD HE FOUND THE PROMISED LA

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